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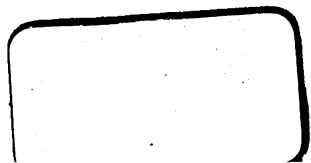
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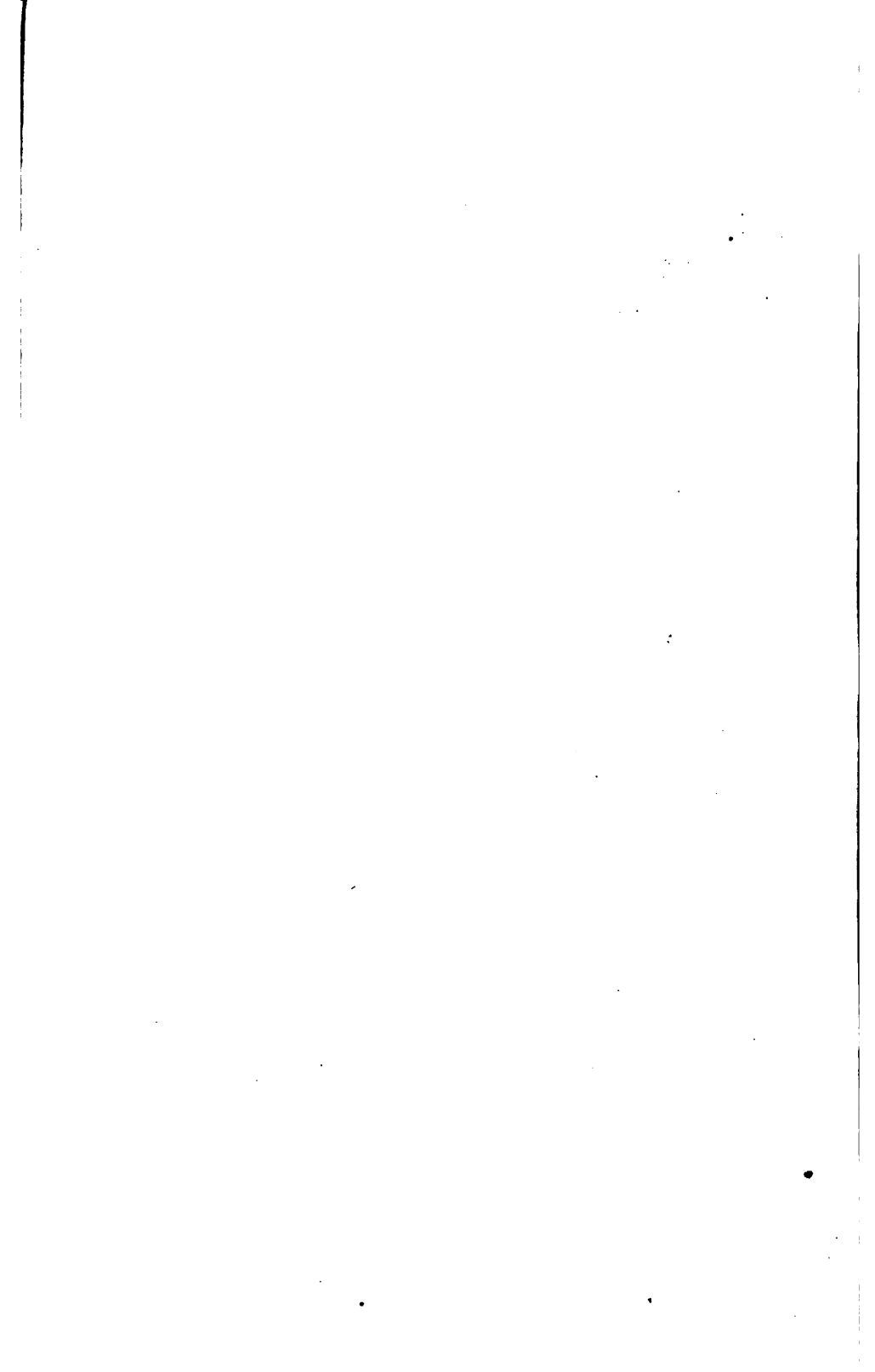


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The Voyage of the Bonito

AN ACCOUNT OF
THE FLY RIVER EXPEDITION
TO
NEW GUINEA.

BY
WILLIAM BAUERLEN, BOTANIST.

DELIVERED AS A LECTURE
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
OF SHOALHAVEN ;
AND PRINTED AT THEIR REQUEST.

Sydney :
GIBBS, SHALLARD, & CO., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,
HOSKING PLACE (OFF PITT STREET).

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1886.



PREFACE.

THE writer of this lecture, being a German, handed his paper to me to correct. I found it exceedingly well done, and did not choose to interfere with the idiomatic construction of some of the sentences, which, to my mind, were a grace rather than otherwise, as preserving the identity of the author and his German origin.

THE EDITOR.

SHOALHAVEN, *18th April*, 1886.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BONITO.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

As a number of my friends have repeatedly asked me to give an account of my recent trip to New Guinea, I am here this evening to comply with their request.

We left Sydney on the evening of the 10th of June, in the "Bonito," a steam launch, of about 70 tons, and had pretty fair weather during the night and the following day; but on Friday, the 12th, a storm arose and continued up to Sunday morning. This was the time when the "Cahors" was lost, and our little vessel suffered greatly during that storm. On Friday evening a heavy sea struck her and smashed the landing, beside, what was worse, damaging the side of the vessel so that the water came running in quickly, and we had to continue pumping and baling (to keep her afloat) day and night, until we got into Moreton Bay on Sunday morning. The misery of those few days you may imagine, when I tell you that nearly every one of us was so sea-sick as scarcely to be able to stand. Yet there was no help, we had to pump or sink. At Moreton Bay we lay until the following Wednesday. Nothing was done to the vessel until the last hour before the "Wentworth" came alongside us to take us in tow. A carpenter came from the "Wentworth" to mend the leak, and then we went on again. Next day (Thursday) was fine, but a heavy sea on, so that we still had to pump much. However, as by that time I was over the sea-sickness, I commenced to enjoy the voyage, especially as Friday and Saturday were two lovely days, and the wind very favourable. The Percy group of islands and the Whitsunday group are magnificent; in fact, from Keppel Bay to Trinity Bay, you wind through a maze of lovely islands. At one time I counted no less than 54 within sight. That part of the Queensland coast is most splendid, and nothing could be more enjoyable in fine weather.

On Sunday morning we arrived abreast of Townsville, where the "Wentworth" cast us off, and we were taken in tow by the "Alexandra." We left Townsville in the afternoon, and passed Trinity Bay the following morning. About the middle of the day we called at Port Douglass, and then steamed on to Cooktown,

where we arrived about 7 o'clock in the evening, and left next morning about 7 o'clock for Thursday Island.

At Cooktown lay the "Advance," a Queensland Government steamer, which, according to promise by the Queensland Government, was to tow us from Thursday Island over to New Guinea, but when the captain of the "Advance" heard of the matter, he declared that he was never sent on such a mad-brained errand before, and that we could not get over the bars into the Ayrd River, which was our original destination, and if ever we should get in, we certainly would never get out again. Under such circumstances, he said he considered it his duty to point out to his Government the risk and danger he would be running by trying to get into the Ayrd River.

We went on in tow of the "Alexandra" to Thursday Island, where we arrived on Thursday morning before daybreak. The "Alexandra" brought us alongside the hulk "James Paterson," where she unloaded our cargo; and it was proposed that we should leave at Thursday Island such part of the cargo as was not absolutely required, and then leave for New Guinea the following Monday, getting steam up ourselves, and not wait for any steamer to tow us.

As the vessel had been making much water, it was imperative that the leak should be looked to before we started on our voyage across Torres Straits. Therefore the vessel was taken farther in shore on Saturday morning, and put pretty well on her side to get at the leak. This made matters rather uncomfortable on board, as we had to crawl about like spiders going up a wall; and as I was rather impatient to have a look at the island, I went ashore collecting, and spent a most enjoyable day there. But far differently fared my companions.

I told you that the vessel was lying on her side when I left her in the morning. When I got to the vessel again, about 6 o'clock in the evening, they were pumping and baling with buckets as hard as they could. They told me that soon after I had left in the morning the water came in through her side, and she filled so quickly that everything had to be taken out as quickly as possible to lighten her to keep her from sinking. It was only toward 5 o'clock in the evening that they got somewhat masters over the water. Then she commenced to rise, and by 8 o'clock she was pretty free of water. My companions had neither dinner nor tea. They had not a moment's time for eating; and besides that, even the stove was taken away to lighten the ship. All our bedding, and everything else, had to be taken away on board the "James Paterson;" and some of our party had been so much exhausted by continuous hard work, that they had to be taken over to the "James Paterson" to rest there. I myself stayed on board the "Bonito," and we worked hard until 2 o'clock next morning,

taking advantage of the incoming tide to manœuvre her right into the wharf, so that she should not fill again, and to get thoroughly repaired. The following Monday, the carpenters commenced, but the work went on very slowly; moreover, under any circumstances, we would have to wait now for the next high tide to be able to get into deep water again, and so it happened that through one delay and another we were nearly three weeks at Thursday Island, during which time orders arrived from headquarters to abandon the *Ayrd* and go to the Fly River. This was a source of great disappointment to us, as the Italian naturalist, d'Albertis, had ten years before explored the Fly River, and it was well known that a great deal of swampy ground extended far inland on both sides of the river. At Thursday Island we took our Malays on board, twelve in number, so that our party by this time consisted of 24—12 Europeans and 12 Malays.

Some time before we left Thursday Island, Mr. MacFarlane, the missionary, arrived in his little ketch the "*Marey*" from Murray Island. He is a fine old gentleman, who makes a favorable impression at first sight, which is certainly not lessened by nearer acquaintance. I had the honor to dine several times with him at the house of Mr. Douglass, then Government Resident of Thursday Island, and now, as you are aware, appointed High Commissioner for New Guinea, in place of Sir Peter Scratchley. A fine, thorough gentleman, Mr. Douglass is, and I hope he will live many years yet to do good in New Guinea. The "*Advance*" also arrived at Thursday Island, with orders to tow us across Torres Straits to the mouth of the Fly. At last, everything being ready, we left Thursday Island on Monday, the 13th of July, late in the afternoon, in tow of the "*Advance*." We made only a few miles that evening, and cast anchor near Horn Island, intending to start early next morning, but during the night signals of distress were seen a few miles off; a large vessel had got stuck on a coral reef, therefore the "*Advance*" had to go to the rescue. We got steam up and proceeded on our voyage on our own account; the sea was rather rough; we passed several islands, near one of which, Saddle Island, a wreck was lying, and at night we dropped anchor under the lee of Turtleback Island. Next morning we made an early start in a rough sea; coral reefs around us everywhere. We went on well for some time, until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when we struck upon a coral reef, with the tide leaving us rapidly. We worked hard to get the vessel away, but it was not a bit of use—there we were, hard and fast, the tide still leaving us, until we had less than two feet of water under us; therefore all we could do was to shore her up, so that she could not lie over again as at Thursday Island, and try whether we could not get her afloat at high tide. Meanwhile the whaleboat was got in order, so that

we could get back in her to Thursday Island, in case the "Bonito" should have to be abandoned. Fortunately, at high tide, about 2 o'clock at night, by dint of hard work, we got her afloat and out into deep water, then we dropped anchor to lay by until daylight, when it was found we could not advance in our course, therefore we had to turn back again the way we came. After doing so for a few hours we saw the "Advance" from afar. We put up the danger signal, the "Advance" came up and took us in tow again, steaming along the Warrior Reef, until low water set in, when we dropped anchor about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at a place where Mr. MacFarlane, in his ketch, the "Marey," was waiting for us, having kindly volunteered to pilot us into the Fly River. Mr. Douglass was also on board the "Marey," to see us over to New Guinea. Captain Williams, of the "Advance," came on board and told us that the vessel near Thursday Island could not be got off the reef, and had to be abandoned; her name was "Jan de Costa," bound for India, with 160 horses on board.

We made an early start next morning, and were rather excited, knowing that if all goes well, we shall at last, after so much delay and hardship, reach New Guinea, as we had now only about 30 miles to the mouth of the Fly. The excitement even extended to our Malays, who declared that there were men with tails in the country they were going to. The 30 miles of sea we had to cross was fearfully rough, so that nearly all hands were sea-sick again. I was amongst the few who were not sick, so that I was able to steer, but we were all glad to get into the smoother waters of the mouth of the Fly, where we exchanged three ringing cheers with the "Advance," who now bade us "Farewell," and turned back to Thursday Island again.

Being now in the mouth of the Fly we followed the lead of the "Marey" with the shores of New Guinea in sight. The mouth of the Fly is from 20 to 30 miles wide; the water was rather muddy, and fresh enough to drink. Some driftwood floating about gave indication of a recent flood. We soon got Mibu Island in sight, and steamed along it for some distance, until we made round a point, where we cast anchor close to the shore. A missionary boat, the "Venture," was lying there waiting for us, and also informed us that another larger vessel had gone up that channel of the river; this no doubt was the "Mavis," a schooner which had been lent by the Queensland Government to carry our coals, and which passed us some distance away from Thursday Island. Next morning we were impatient to set foot for the first time on the soil of New Guinea, and two steps into the jungle, which comes down to the water's edge, reveals at once no end of wonders. One of the greatest sights was a new kind of coral tree in full flower, the petals of the flowers being pure white, and the stamens red. We had to make our way through about a mile of

mud, sometimes up to our knees, which was strictly speaking a palm grove, very little else growing between the palms, of which there were two species, one the cocoa-nut palm and the other a stemless palm, which is a wonder in its way; we measured one frond or leaf 51 feet long, the base of the leaf is from 2 to 3 feet wide and about 1 foot thick, the fruit rising out from the centre of the palm on a thin stem only about two feet high. You have no doubt often read about the cocoa-nut; what a blessing and a luxury it is in tropical climates! If you had been with us that day, and thirsty as we were, you would have considered it a blessing indeed. The first we had from a tree blown down by the wind, having from 50 to 60 nuts, in all stages of development. I like them best when they are somewhat green, so that the shell cuts easily with the knife and the liquid inside is quite clear, then it is really delicious; thirsty as we were, none of us could drink all the water his cocoanut contained. After getting out of the mud we got upon drier ground, where the cocoa-nut palms attained an immense height, the ground underneath them being covered to a depth of three feet with old shells and fibre, and there must be millions of such trees on the island, each bearing on an average from 50 to 60 nuts.

On our way back we had to go through the mud-swamp again, where my companions, Mr. Douglass being one of them, saw a crocodile. This I unfortunately missed, as I was some distance away from them. Mibu Island not being inhabited, we left on Sunday morning for Kiwi Island, in order to see whether we could make a *depôt* there for coal, etc., but nothing could be done with the natives, though they were not actually hostile; they were not friendly either; they seemed rather perplexed and somewhat afraid. This is the place where sometime back they killed the native teachers, naïvely saying, "Why should they kill pigs when they could eat missionaries?"

We spent rather an anxious night on board, as those who went over to the island did not return in the evening as was agreed, and as we heard no danger signals fired we did not know what to do, as we were lying some miles away from the island. When they returned late in the morning, they told us that they could not reach the vessel the night before on account of not being able to make any headway against the strong current, therefore they had to return and camp on shore. Mr. Douglas and Mr. MacFarlane were amongst the party. Another attempt to come to an understanding with the natives proved futile, therefore we got up steam again, and went about thirty miles farther up the river, in the main arm, to a village called Tsumauta, where we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, casting anchor about two miles off the village. From board ship we could see some very large houses, and a great number of natives running about

in great excitement. The whale-boat was got ready for Captain Everill and some others to go over to the village, and before they got very far, one of the natives on shore waved a piece of white calico or something in sign of friendship.

Before night our party returned, bringing with them cocoanuts and bananas, for which they had given tobacco. They reported that they had been most friendly received by the natives.

Next morning all the scientific staff and a few others went on shore, and I shall not likely forget the first day spent amongst those naked savages. Several hundreds of them were waiting for us at the landing-place, and the noise and excitement were simply beyond all description, every man and boy in the crowd shouting at one and the same time at the top of their voices, or breaking out into uncontrollable roars of laughter. Then in getting on shore there was a steep bank to get up, very muddy and slippery, therefore a dozen or more of them would get hold of you to lift you up and then shake hands with you, never for one moment ceasing to jabber away as loud as they could, interrupted only by, if possible, louder shouts of laughter. There must have been more than two hundred of them at the time, so I leave you to fancy the uproar. Professor Haake's spectacles raised roar after roar of laughter, but everything was good nature.

Being anxious to see the wonders in the jungle at the back of their houses I made my way towards it, when I had about a dozen of them around me, offering to go with me. To get into the jungle we had to cross a wide creek, over which a bridge was built about 20 to 25 feet high, all of light sticks and bamboos, so light and airy that you would have thought with every step the whole structure would have come tumbling down into the water. It was rather critical work to cross it, and our clumsiness in doing so was a source of great amusement to them. Arrived at the other side of the creek we were in the jungle at once, and in order to make them understand what we wanted, I put a specimen of a plant at once between my boards, and Mr. Froggatt put a small beetle in his collecting bottle. First they stared at us in blank amazement, then they leaped, then they broke out in tremendous shouts of laughter, which those on the other side of the creek thought it their duty to return. This over, they commenced collecting for us, by which Mr. Froggatt fared best with his insects. As for myself, they loaded me with leaves and twigs of all descriptions, and not to offend them in any way I had to take them and throw them away afterwards, unobserved. As it had been raining, we found the paths through the jungle very slushy and wet, and the difficulty was to get off from them, for as soon as we did so, they would pull us back and point to the ground as much as saying, it is forbidden to go here and to go there, such places being rather too numerous to make our search

profitable, and the natives being rather anxious to return we went back to the village with them. Then the commotion commenced afresh. The others had to be called and everything explained to them, when the whole place resounded with roars of laughter, and a very animated discussion about the different insects took place. If you were to hear any other people shouting and jabbering at each other in that way you would naturally come to the conclusion that they are at the height of a quarrel, but nothing of the sort here, all is peace and good nature; at the very moment when (to judge by their voices), you would expect they were coming to blows, they throw their arms around each other in the most friendly manner. The discussion being pretty well over, some went to bring us cocoanuts and bananas, in return for which we had to take off our hats and show them our hair, with the usual result, roars above roars of laughter.

Soon, however, another and greater diversion commenced. Captain Everill had, meanwhile, come to an understanding with them about a depôt for coal, etc., and, when the first load arrived, they were all eager to help unloading, to do which they had to go through about 100 yards of slush; and now fancy a bag of coal being slung to a long oar, and about 30 natives all quite naked, some holding on to the bag, and some on to the oar, going through the slush jabbering, shouting and laughing all together, especially when some of them went down into the mud; then there was another party on the bank to hoist the coal up, and yet another to drag it in beneath one of their houses. The more mishaps the more fun to them, and, as every one who helped got a bit of tobacco, you could see little dark urchins stretching up to the end of the oar, just reaching it with the tip of their fingers and afterwards claiming their bit of tobacco, seeming to think it just as much fun when they did not get any. We had an old German with us, a nursery gardener from Queensland; he came over on board the "Marey," with Mr. Douglass and Mr. MacFarlane, and was collecting orchids, and, after getting as many as he could carry, he commenced trading with the natives, for which purpose he had a lot of tobacco and knives and such like. Being anxious to get some land-shells, and, in order to make the natives understand what he wanted, he showed them a sea-shell, resembling somewhat a land-shell. This he held up in one hand and a bit of tobacco in the other, he told them in plain English: "Who brings me one of those land-shells shall have a piece of tobacco!" when all at once a half-a-hundred rushed down to the shore, everyone scraping a handful of shells together in the twinkling of an eye, which they brought back and put them in a basket, each claiming his piece of tobacco, to the utter bewilderment of Mr. Hartman and the infinite amusement of the rest of the natives.

There was, however, no great difficulty in extricating oneself out of a dilemma in such a good-natured crowd, and, though Mr. Hartman had not a single specimen that was of any use to him, by giving four or five a bit of tobacco, everybody was satisfied, and Mr. Hartman proceeded to barter for other things, never reflecting for one moment that amongst the whole crowd there was not one who understood a word of English. I told him I had seen in one of the houses a number of skulls strung together. Now, he wanted to obtain a few skulls, and forthwith he perched himself upon a canoe with a sheath-knife in one hand, and, placing the other upon his own skull, he shouted out to them, holding up the knife: "Two of those skulls for this knife; it is quite new, I only bought it at Thursday Island;" and, as they all stood laughing and shouting up to him, and no skulls were forthcoming, he said: "I don't mind adding a stick of tobacco." Failing to obtain skulls, he turned his attention to bone-daggers and other articles, the use of which he explained to them minutely in English, so as to make them understand what he meant.

It was strange that during the whole day we could not see a woman nor any old men; the women, no doubt, hid themselves in the thick jungle, and some maintained there were no old men, it being customary with them to kill them. The village consists of five houses, built in a line, the two at either end being the largest, nearly 300ft. long and about 30ft. wide. One of them comes right down to the water's edge. It is hardly right to say they are built upon piles, for the piles are merely sticks stuck in all ways, without order, and one wonders how they can hold up the superstructure; but, considering their great number, and the fact that the superstructure consists also of mere sticks, one may understand it a little, but not altogether, seeing the great number of human beings in them. To the first house I counted 16 doorways (no doors), seven on each side and one on either end. When they led me through the house I found there were no partitions, except a number of little open pens, and the interior was very dark and dismal. Another house contained a number of weapons, and was much lighter and cleaner. The native who led me through it gave me to understand that they slept there. I could, however, see no mattings or anything of that kind to indicate any covering. One pleasing feature was that two of the houses had little flower-gardens in front; one contained a splendid shrub of a double flowering hibiscus. There were also some fine crotons and dracænas, as well as some beautiful everlastings.

The natives seem to be very honest; if we only dropped a bit of paper or some other trifle, they would pick it up and give it to us, and that not because they did not care for the things, for

when we gave the articles to them they were highly delighted. One morning a great number of them came on board in their canoes; they crowded our cabin while we were at breakfast, but they behaved very well, and of all the numerous articles lying about loose, they did not touch a single one.

On Thursday, the 23rd of July, the "Mavis," with Messrs. Douglass, MacFarlane, and Hartmann on board, left us, the "Marey" had gone before, and we were now left alone to proceed inland farther and farther away from all civilization. After the "Mavis" had left, Captain Everill, with a few others, went on shore once more, and, after a few hours time, they returned and brought three natives with them, saying they were willing to accompany us as interpreters up the river. They were three fine fellows, the chief amongst them, the now famous "Korassy," was a middle-aged man, with a mild, gentlemanly expression in his face; "Attaya" was a real, old warrior, who had his whole body covered with marks of arrow wounds; the third, "Gisa," was a bright, merry, young lad of about 19 years, full of fun and frolic. We christened them at once the "Three Kings," and Peter, our sailor, called them, collectively, the "Royalty."

The same day we left Tsumauta and went some distance up along the river, when we soon dropped anchor for the night. Next day we passed another large village, but did not go near it, and continued our journey up the river day after day, without many incidents.

The river in that part is quite a maze of channels and islands, every channel several miles wide, and the islands of all imaginable sizes, but every one lovely in the extreme. Some of them have such a dense vegetation, that if you look along the shores of them you see one solid wall of unbroken foliage, while the tops of the trees are so much intertwined and interwoven with vines and creepers, that nothing looks above the general level, which gives those islands quite a characteristic aspect. I am quite sure there are large islands which have no trees on them, which could not have quite easily grown in the time of 30 years, in fact the whole large Fly River delta, extending several hundred miles inland, must be quite of recent formation. Along the banks of the river, close to the water's edge, there grew a vine which, Albertis says, is one of the most magnificent sights in the vegetable world. The vine runs to the top of the highest trees, and droops down in long festoons covered with large scarlet flowers, of the size and shape of the flower of the coral tree. You often see large, bright masses of red, like fiery columns, on both banks of the river, and journeying on day after day you scarcely ever lose sight of them. Profusely as this vine flowers no seed of it has been known yet, but I think I had the good fortune to secure some. There is another species with smaller flowers, but blue

instead of red, I only could see the flowers lying on the ground, the vine itself could never be made out amongst the entangled mass of vines and creepers high overhead. A yellow species is very plentiful on the river banks, it is named after d'Albertis, *Mucuna d'Albertisii*, it bears large brown velvety beans, which are nearly as bad to touch as the leaves of our stinging-nettle tree. Pigeons, parrots, cockatoos, and hornbills were rather plentiful, and sometimes we would come to a place where there were millions of flying foxes congregated. Though we saw any amount of tracks of crocodiles on the muddy banks, the crocodiles themselves did not show up, so also with the pigs, wherever we went into the jungle there were plenty of tracks to be seen, where they had been rooting, but the pigs themselves could not be seen. Continuing our way up the river, passing Ellengowan Island, and winding about between smaller islands, seeing no more villages, except now and then a deserted temporary shelter, we reached a point where a broad stream came in to our right, that is east, this was about 150 miles up the Fly River. As the stream at its junction with the Fly was nearly as broad as the Fly, it was difficult to say whether it was merely a large ana-branch of the Fly or an independent river; anyhow, we determined to enter it, assuming that a river trending in a north-easterly direction would lead us sooner into the mountains we intended to reach, than the Fly would, beside that, we would not be altogether following d'Albertis' footsteps. Steaming on we soon came to the conclusion that it must be an independent river, the soundings gave pretty well the same depth as the Fly, and the scenery was much the same, the same interminable jungle and low swampy ground. Nothing of importance happened until one afternoon we struck upon a mud-bank, when it took about four hours hard work to get off again. Still pursuing our upward journey we now came near several tribes of natives, but in each instance they set up a tremendous howl and fled into the jungle, one or two, perhaps, would remain in sight, and, by frantic signs, give us to understand they wished us to go away. One day steaming round a bend of the river we unexpectedly came upon a tribe which was just in the act of crossing from one bank to the other, they set up a terrific howl and made their canoes go with the speed of lightning, as soon as they reached the other bank, they gathered up out of their canoes as much as they could and ran away. We signed and shouted to them to stop, as we did not wish to harm them, but of no avail; we cast anchor opposite their canoes, and some of us went ashore in the dingy, to try whether we could find them in the jungle, but they retreated farther. We were well armed, and had the three kings from Tsumauta with us. We could only get a glimpse of them now and then, and some dogs running about. Seeing we could do nothing, we left tobacco, flannel,

handkerchiefs, fishing-hooks, hoop-iron, etc., in their canoes, and took some of their implements as curiosities—rather a questionable proceeding.

Amongst the things taken was the skin of a man's head stretched over a model of clay, a ghastly object; as soon as our three kings saw it they became nearly frantic, and signed to us to throw it overboard at once, and as we did not do so they became rather sulky and would never look at it.

At night the youngest of them, Gisa, who was a great orator, came into our cabin and explained to us, by signs and pantomime, all the different uses of the articles, and great he was that night, speaking for nearly two hours, but at the head he would not look, and gave us plainly to understand that all manner of misfortunes would befall us while we had that on board, and very likely our own heads would be cut off, therefore we ought to throw it overboard.

The following morning we made an early start, and now, for the first time, we saw pebbles in the banks of the river. Up to this place it was all alluvial deposit. Turning round a bend, we saw on the right hand bank an open piece of land, with high grass, a kind of sugar-cane growing on it; in front was a clear shingly point, and a little further up, the bank rose to about twenty feet, where stood a few native houses. On the shingly point were a number of canoes, and a few dozen natives going about. As soon as they heard us they ran up to their houses, making a short cut through the cane, so that it looked as if they were also running away from us. We steamed up, and before we could get opposite their canoes, a great number returned with their bows and arrows, having their war paint on them and profusely ornamented with plumes and feathers. We saw the women running back into the jungle carrying their children. Some of the men manned their canoes, while others drew up on the shingle, and others still ran in great excitement backward and forward. We stopped the steamer opposite them, and got our three kings to parley with them, which lasted for some time, but I do not think they understood each other much, for at one time they would tell us, it is all right, they would be friendly, and a few minutes after, they would ask us to go on, as those fellows wanted to cut our heads off. At last, the natives on shore getting somewhat more quiet, as if they were only standing on self-defence, Captain Everill very bravely ventured to land and go amongst them, taking a lot of presents with him. They did not oppose his landing, but, for all that, they were in no way friendly disposed. The presents they scarcely took notice of, some they left lying on the ground, and the brightest coloured handkerchiefs they dragged along the mud. Captain Everill thought he saw some suspicious movements amongst them, and therefore he judged it best to get back on

board again. As soon as he was on board, they commenced their war dance, accompanied by a rather spirited and harmonious song. The war dance was really an imposing sight. They were all strong, splendid looking men, painted in various colours and designs, and most of them gaily decked out in different coloured plumes and feathers. One of them, who had a very light colour, looked imposing in a headdress made of the white tail feathers of the hornbill; others had some material round their waist, with part of it hanging down at the back and reaching to the ground, so that it looked exactly like a tail; and some had fine grass and fibre plaited into their hair, so that from afar it looked like a mass of fair hair, falling curtain-like down to their loins. We remained and tried our best by signs to conciliate them. After a pause they repeated their war dance, and then they marched off toward their houses, close into which we had to pass round the point, as there was shallow water farther out in the river. The engineer blew the steam whistle, but they took no notice of it, as if they had heard it every day in their lives; two only seemed to be disturbed by it. By the time we steamed round the point, we saw them all assembled before their houses, standing about twenty feet above the water, and when nearest to them, they sent a shower of arrows over, most of which fortunately went right over the vessel. I have one here, which came within two inches of me. Some struck the deck, and some the side of the vessel; others also fell short. One penetrated the side of the vessel to an inch and a half. Luckily none of us got hurt. The arrows still continued striking the vessel. Order was given to fire. When they heard the volley they raised a terrific yell, and ran back into the jungle, but only for a few minutes, after which they came out again and sent another shower of arrows. A second volley routed them effectively. We heard them howling and yelling as they retreated—men, women and dogs all joining together. It will be seen that we only fired in self-defence, therefore we did not go up to the village to ascertain the effect of our firing. Our three kings were very anxious that we should; they were highly delighted with the affair, and, no doubt, thought of plunder. Gisa maintained that he saw three of them fall, but no reliance could be placed on his word.

We steamed on, but after a few hours we struck on a gravel-bank, and worked very hard until night trying to get the vessel off, but it seemed we only made matters worse. Another attempt was made the following morning, the result being to show us clearly that we were fast indeed, and could not get off unless the river rose several feet; instead of that the river was falling rapidly, therefore things did not look very bright, being laid up not very far from the village of the enemy, and the river getting lower every day. Fortunately we were near the opposite shore, and

kept vigilant watch day and night. As it might happen that we might be laid up there for months, we started to clear away the dense jungle near the vessel so as not to be easily surprised. We also commenced building a house on shore to get stores, ammunition, etc., under shelter, in case of any mishap to the vessel; it was also proposed to cut bamboos and build a raft to try to get the vessel off on it. It was Monday afternoon when we struck, and we lay there until Saturday morning, when the river commenced to rise quickly; we worked hard to get the coal, etc., on board again, to get off as soon as we should have water enough, which happened in the afternoon, when we got off, but not without some damage to the vessel. This place we called "Douglass Bend," in honour of Mr. Douglass, and the place further down, where we were attacked, we called "Hostile Point."

That evening and the following day we got on fairly well, until we came to a place where there was the point of a large island in the middle of the river, and no channel could be found to take a vessel drawing more than six feet of water through, and though we were not actually fast, still we could not advance, therefore it seemed that we were at the end of our journey by water. This being so we commenced cutting tracks to make ready for a land party. We had been lying there for a week, when one morning it was found that our three kings had left over night; they took the clumsy canoe we had brought with us from their village, and so honest were they that they did not even take a single thing to eat with them, though they could have taken ever so much. They only took what really belonged to them and no more. There is even reason to believe that they went away without paddles. We were very sorry for them; the prevalent opinion was that they would never reach their home, as they had now between 300 and 400 miles to go; even should they escape the natives, they would get lost in the bewildering channels of the lower Fly River. Poor fellows! I don't think they ever understood they were going so far, and were always asking when would we go back again. In the jungle they were always afraid—hearing strange noises, and telling and warning us of a big snake that comes down in the evening from the trees to crush one. Perhaps that head also had something to do with their departure, since misfortune really had commenced, and one European and several Malays were down with fever already.

We continued cutting tracks, and at last the land party was made up and everything ready for a start. The start was made one Saturday about eleven o'clock; the party made some distance along the track, and made their camp not far from the river bank, as Capt. Everill and Dr. Bernays were to join them in the dinghy the following day. During the night the river rose considerably, therefore it was arranged that we should take the steamer on,

pick up the land party again, and follow up the river as far as practicable. The river was about a half-a-mile wide yet. We had some difficulty in getting over the bar. Once the vessel nearly capsized ; anyhow we did get over, and got into deep water again. The land party hearing the steamer puffing up the river were all assembled on the bank. We told them at once to pack up everything, which took not much time, therefore we were soon all afloat again, proceeding on our journey up the river, after a fortnight's delay. We were not steaming more than two hours when we went right upon a gravel-bank again, and do what we would we could not get off, beside that we saw that the river was falling again. The following morning three parties were made up. The Malays took the coal, etc., on shore to lighten the vessel ; Captain Everill, with another party, went out in the dinghy sounding ; and the scientific staff went out to collect and see what the country looked like. The country there on the right-hand bank of the river was more hilly than we had seen it before, therefore we were in hopes that those hills would lead to the long looked-for mountains, especially as the country was much broken by ravines, but when Mr. Froggatt climbed a very high fig tree, situated right on the top of a hill, he found that the hills were all surrounded by an interminable stretch of flat country, covered with dense jungle, the hills being, so to say, an island rising out of the flat country. No signs of mountains could be seen. The hills were remarkable for a great number of different species of palms and ferns growing there. We called the place "Palm Hills." Captain Everill's party did not succeed in finding a channel. Next day the river commenced to rise again slowly, and the following day Captain Everill's party found deep water, therefore next morning we got off, after having been near Palm Hills four days. We steamed along and passed several deserted native places, when soon again we came to shallows, stretching right across the river. We anchored, and all the Europeans, except the two doctors and the man down with fever, manned the whale-boat to find a channel. The Malays having had much hard work lately, were now found too weak for that work, and they were never great hands at pulling at the best. After cruising about for some time we found a channel, returned on board, hove up anchor, and steamed ahead. We had not steamed many hours when we struck upon a gravel bank again, not far from a whole mass of snags. This time we must have struck upon the very edge of a bank, for the steamer was within a few inches of capsizing, so that everything moveable was rolling about. In this position the vessel remained for some time, but gradually she righted herself into a more upright position. The usual hard work of casting out anchors and pulling ropes commenced now, until late at night, but without the least result.

Next morning it was found that the river had fallen a good deal, therefore nothing could be done with the vessel. Capt. Everill, with some Malays, went up the river some distance, and, on his return, he reported that he had seen quite recent tracks of natives; we others went into the jungle on the nearest bank, and came to a place where the natives had been to cut down sago palms and make sago. Some fine birds were shot, golden orioles, dollar-birds, black headed parrots, and two female birds of Paradise. During the day the river rose somewhat, but not much. There was such a strong under-current that the gravel was continually washed either from or against the sides of the vessel, which caused great uneasiness, and not without reason, as will be soon seen. So strong was the under-current that an anchor, several hundred pounds in weight, was one day taken down the river as soon as it was dropped; our seamen had never experienced anything like that before. Next morning we made up a party to go up the river in the whale-boat, to see whether we could fall in with the natives of whom Capt. Everill had reported. We came to the place where their tracks led from the river-bank into the jungle, and, following some distance in, the tracks became indistinct, and we saw no more signs of them. We went back to the whale-boat to continue our journey up the river, until we came to the end of an island, where we saw cocoanuts, bananas, and breadfruit. There we rested, boiled our billy and made lunch; some were out shooting while lunch was getting ready. While we were eating we saw smoke rising on the other side of the river, and after awhile we heard the natives calling to us. We called back to them, and then went into the whaleboat to go over to them; it was a good way across, as we were in another branch of the river. By the time we reached their place they had all gone; there was not a sign of them except the fire still smoking. They had a kind of ladder construction for the purpose of walking from the river up the steep bank. There was a lovely point, with some splendid trees in flower, about a half-mile ahead, where another river came in, and, as we saw no canoe where they had been, we concluded their canoes might be in the tributary, therefore we pulled up to it, but neither canoe nor any other sign of them could be seen. We landed on the opposite bank, at a place where we could get a long view up the tributary, but seeing nothing of them, and evening setting in, we commenced our journey down the river, and arrived on board just when it got dark. Next day, Sunday, we rested; but, in the middle of the night, without warning, the vessel all at once fell over on her side, and the water came rushing in. Everything had to be got out as quickly as possible and landed on shore, though it was pitch-dark, and walking about the vessel was next to an impossibility, on account of her great inclination. By daylight

most of the things were on shore, and we set to making a camp at once, getting up sheds and tents, as now the "Bonito" was virtually looked upon as a wreck. Bad as things looked now, there was one circumstance which held out hope—that was, the "Bonito" had tumbled over away from the near shore, so there was a possibility by getting strong ropes fastened to big trees on shore, and applying proper gear, we might raise her up. To make a long story short, after working fearfully hard for three days, we had the satisfaction of seeing her coming up, first line by line, until the water could be baled out, and after that inch by inch, taking the precaution still to leave her a good list, for, had she tumbled over to the other side, there would have been no facilities to raise her, as on that side it was fully 800 yards across the river, and a raging current between shore. That we got the vessel up was chiefly owing to Mr. Helmsworth, the mate, and to Mr. Senior, the poor fellow who got drowned on New Year's Day in Sydney harbour. The river now was alternately rising and falling, but on the whole got lower. One day when I was out in the jungle collecting I came to a broad belt of timber, which stopped my progress, being quite impenetrable. Some time back a tornado must have been raging there, which broke off every tree and left a stump standing from 20ft. to 30ft. high. Between the fallen timber a fresh growth of vines and creepers, especially rattans, had come up, so that there was no getting through, which obliged me to make my way out to the river-bank, which in itself was difficult enough. I was not long out on the river when I heard great shouting some distance down the river. On looking back I saw about 40 or 50 natives on the other shore, just opposite the "Bonito." They continued shouting their "Ibu, Ibu," wildly gesticulating. I went along the bank of the river as quickly as I could, and when about half-way down I heard a shot fired, and saw the natives running into the jungle. On reaching the camp I learned that the shot had been fired by Capt. Everill, which, on the whole, was considered a wanton act. We kept very strict watch that night, but nothing happened. Just as we were having breakfast the next morning they came out of the jungle again, going on much in the same way as the evening before. Some waded some distance in the water up to their knees. The current was too strong to think of going over to them in a boat, and far too strong for them to think of swimming over to us, therefore we watched their proceedings for a few hours, during which time they twice danced their war dance, which was far different from the dance we saw at Hostile Point, and more beautiful. They formed a ring three deep, with their faces outward, each carrying his bow and arrows. Then they ran round in a circle, and, with a peculiar motion of their feet, they managed to throw up the pebbles around them, while at the

same time, with a peculiar motion of their hands, each spread out his arrows fan shape. The effect was most beautiful. All this was accompanied by a kind of wild irregular chant, in which it seemed they tried much to imitate the cry of different birds, especially the hornbill. As we were lying stranded, Captain Everill considered them dangerous neighbours, especially as some had fired arrows at us, which of course could not reach us; so he (rightly or wrongly) gave orders to fire at them, to get rid of them, when they ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. The distance across the river was almost too great for our rifles, and it is satisfactory to know that none of them got killed, and that all could run; and during the two months we were lying there we saw no more of them. There was quite a young lad amongst them, perhaps out on his first campaign, who was very forward, but the firing was too much for him. In his fright he dropped his bow and arrows.

The weather now got very dry and very beautiful, and the river so low that we were lying completely dry on an island of gravel, so that we had to construct ladders to climb up and down the vessel, and to carry the water we used on board. Now and then the river rose a little, and fell the next day again; in fact, no rise of less than nine feet was now of any use to us; a rise of two feet and more was required only to reach the vessel. I must pass over most of the incidents which happened while there, as I have passed over hundreds before. Unfortunately the place was not even favourable for collecting, and sickness commenced to tell on a good few, especially amongst the poor Malays. Seeing that we could not get farther with the steamer, and that the country was impracticable to travel on account of dense jungle, pandanus and sago swamps, it was resolved that a party should follow up the river in the whaleboat, and take ten days' provisions with them. It was then rather difficult to make up a party, so many being down with sickness, and it was not advisable to leave the vessel and stores protected only by sick men; so it happened that I had to remain with the party on the steamer.

The whaleboat party left with their ten days' provisions, and returned after a fortnight, almost quite exhausted. They had no end of trouble in getting the whaleboat along. The country was all the same flat country, but the river was getting narrower and more shallow; also, when they had made about 40 or 50 miles, they got heavy thunderstorms every day, so that their things were continually wet, and by the time they had made about 80 or 90 miles they had to think of turning back, and just as they were debating about that they got the first glimpse of the mountains. They went on some distance farther, until they reached a hill about 700 feet high, from which they saw the mountains rise up rather abruptly, terrace-like, in two tiers. Professor Haake esti-

mated the farthest away range to reach an altitude of 10,000 to 12,000 feet, and he judged them to be distant from there from 50 to 70 miles. Being out of provisions, they had to return. They saw several tribes of natives on their way up, but all of them ran away, and had not even returned to their houses when the party were on their way back. The natives there had very superior houses, with verandahs running all round them, the houses partitioned off into rooms. They also had nice gardens about their houses, growing tobacco, yams, and melons. Not much was done in natural history, as the party had neither time nor room for collecting. Anyhow, we were glad to see them back in their full number again. The hardships they had endured soon told upon them. A day or two after some were down with the fever, and four days after one of the Malays (poor Marco Polo) died rather suddenly, after only a few hours' illness.

Things now looked rather gloomy. There were few on board quite well, the weather dry, and the river getting lower. The rainy season was anxiously looked for, but that might not come till December or January, and if we should have to wait until then we should be short of provisions; therefore we put ourselves at once on short allowance, and took only two light meals a day, and those we contrived to make chiefly of what we could get in the country. Fortunately we had a never-failing supply of breadfruit, and the heart or cabbages of some palms. Then we had pigeons, hornbills, flying foxes, and large monitor lizards. Those all made up into a stew were very nice, and you could not tell which was the pigeon, and which the flying-fox or lizard. Things went on like that until the end of October, when one evening the water commenced to rise, and rose steadily during the night. In the same proportion also rose our hopes. When the vessel was once afloat everything was got on board ready to be got off, which we knew would be a very difficult job, as it took the greatest precaution not to allow the vessel to be swept into the mass of snags below her, where she inevitably would be broken to pieces. We avoided the snags, but by doing so we got too close into the river bank and stuck there again hard and fast, so close to the bank that we could from the steamer leap on shore, and the river was by this time falling again. You may imagine our disappointment. After lying dry for two months, and then a flood coming high enough to float us off, the result was to be taken about 200 yards down the river and to be driven against the bank to stick there for God knows how long again. It was disheartening. Fortunately, next day the river rose again, and by great work and a very narrow escape from the snags, we got out into the stream into deep water, and away we floated down the river. This was Sunday, and during the afternoon there were signs already of the river falling again; by

about 5 o'clock we reached the place near the "Palm Hills" where we were lying for four days on our way up, when we stuck again, right in the middle of the river, where there was not the least facility to throw out an anchor or a rope to work the vessel by, therefore we could do nothing else but wait until another flood came to take us off, whenever that might be. Next morning, the river was considerably lower, and continued so during the whole week, therefore we devoted our time to collecting, the place being somewhat more favorable for plants, but very poor in birds. When we got up on Saturday morning there was just a perceptible sign of the river rising, so slight that it was a matter of dispute, some said it was rising and others said it was not; but it was rising, and by 8 o'clock we were afloat, and drifting right into the very channel we wished to go, and now the river commenced to rise in earnest; we had to get into a quiet nook to wait to get up steam as quickly as possible, to be able to steam *against* the current, for had we allowed ourselves to be drifted *with* the current we would have gone to destruction very soon. As soon as steam was up we turned the vessel's bow up the river and steamed as if we were going up the river instead of down, doing which we just managed to counteract the force of the current. The river that day was a sight not likely to be forgotten: it was thickly strewn with driftwood, branches, logs, and huge trees, sometimes a half-dozen or a dozen linked together by their roots or branches, dashing past us in their mad career; especially great was the sight in places where the river widened out to a mile or two, where the driftwood was strewn in a way quite incredible. We passed an island where the natives were howling in great numbers; hearing them one can understand why d'Albertis called one place in the Fly River "Howling Place."

We came to anchor over night, not far from Douglass Bend; not without some considerable trouble, on account of the strong current. Next morning we soon reached Douglass Bend, where we anchored again to go on shore. The natives had been where we had been lying. They burned a good deal of the jungle down, but they never touched the house we had built; it was just as we left it. A party with Captain Everill went in the whaleboat to the side where the house was, and I went on the opposite bank in the dinghy, taking two Malays with me, the Mandos to remain in the dinghy, and Anchises, who was greatly attached to me, to carry an axe and my collecting boards. We landed where there was a lovely creek coming in, and from there a clear fresh native track led right into the jungle, which we followed until it divided into two; keeping the left hand track we came to a native shelter, where it seemed one or two had camped only a night or two before; the ashes were quite fresh yet, and the palm leaves they had rested on were quite green. Following the track we came

right to the creek, where there was a little raft made of cross sticks and moored to the other side of the creek; evidently they had gone up along the river. We now turned back upon the track, until we got to the other track again, and following that we came to an immense sago swamp, where the natives must have been a day or two before making sago. I must not forget to mention one remarkable fact here, that is, some of the sago trees and many of the saplings along the track were cut with iron implements, which led me to the conclusion that some of the tribe from "Hostile Point" had been here or else the tribe, farther down, where we took that ghastly head. Going about the sago swamp collecting, where I found a beautiful beetle, a calandra, I heard footsteps, and on looking up and shouting I found it was Captain Everill with Barrabas, a Malay; he had come to look for me, to tell me to come back on board, as he considered it rather dangerous for us two to wander about at that place, for the party in the whaleboat on going round a point fell in with a great number of natives on the other side of the river, and once they came rather too near and in too great numbers in their canoes to be safe, therefore he thought it advisable to turn back and call Anchises and me back. I may mention here, incidentally, that on that occasion poor Senior showed signs that his head was affected, for the party in the whaleboat had to prevent him from jumping overboard. We got on board, had dinner, and weighed anchor to proceed on our journey down the river, when we soon came in sight of a large native village, quite newly built, in fact not quite finished yet.

We dropped anchor in front of the village, with the purpose of trying to enter into friendly communications with the natives, which took some time. Our signals of peace and friendship they seemed not to understand, and what we could make out of their shouting and frantic gestures was chiefly that they wished us to go away. There were about sixty fine canoes along the river bank, and eventually some of the natives got their paddles, stepped into their canoes, and came about halfway over to us, talking and shouting at us at a great rate. None of them had any weapons, nor did those on shore carry any; though we saw bows and arrows piled up against some stumps, ready at any time for action. Seeing that they would not come nearer, we held out some gaily coloured articles of cloth, &c., to them, to entice them farther, but still they would not come. Then Mr. Helmsworth hit upon the happy thought to throw one of the articles into the river, when instantly a number of canoes started after it to get it, one young fellow getting the start of the rest. They left the chase to him, and he brought it in in great style, being vociferously cheered both by us and his own people, and he holding it out triumphantly. This experiment we repeated, dropping the article each time nearer to the vessel, until

at last we had them coming quite near; then Mr. Helmsworth placed himself in the whaleboat and held out the articles to them to take them out of his hands. This they hesitated to do. At last one old fellow slowly and gradually brought his canoe near, very gradually, for while some of his people cheered him on, others warned him not to venture too near, but the sight of the beautiful red handkerchief was too much for him. He came up anyhow so close as to place his paddle on the side of the whaleboat, and to sign that the article may be placed on the end of his paddle. The handkerchief was his. He sent his canoe back with lightning speed, and spread out the handkerchief to the admiring crowd. After that they gained confidence, and came. We traded with them until evening, when they gave us to understand that they would now go, and come in the morning again. They were a fine race of men, very muscular, and well fed, some of them having a very pleasing expression in their faces. The colour of their skin was of all shades, from yellow to copper colour, brown and black. They had no articles of covering, except a large white conch shell in front, tied to the body by a very narrow waistband. The shells were in some instances beautifully ornamented with bright colours. They seem to be very expert in their canoes, and to watch their easy graceful motions as they stand in their canoes, propelling them, and the beautiful evolutions of the canoes, is really delightful. The canoes are beautifully made, from twenty-five to fifty feet long, very pointed on both ends, the whole being cut out of a single log. Sometimes it will happen that a canoe gets splits and cracks, which they fill in with clay. I have seen fine grass growing in such canoes. Next morning one old fellow brought out six young women, and placed them all in a row right opposite the vessel, when, after some time, they bounded away again. A number of women came now to the river bank, and some came running down to the river with buckets made of palm leaves, to fetch water; others we saw carrying their children about. We took this as a good sign that we should get on well with them. The men came over to trade again, and in one of the canoes, a little below from where we lay, there were some women watching the proceedings. All went on well for some time, until Louis, our Cingalese cook, threw an empty meat tin overboard to see one of the natives fishing it up. One young fellow went after it directly, which made us all laugh, and instantly all the canoes withdrew on shore, as if by a preconcerted signal, and do what we would they would never come near us again the whole day. In hopes that they would come again the following morning, we remained. Just before night we saw large fires a short distance above and below us, and late at night we heard voices on the river, as if some were crossing below us; later on we heard the voices of women and children. In the morning some of the natives came

down to their canoes, and one came straight over to us, but while he was engaged with us the others went one by one up the river in their canoes, so that after a while nobody could be seen about the place. Capt. Everill, with a few others, went now on shore, and after waiting for some time, and shouting into the jungle, where they thought they heard their voices, and none of them making their appearance, they went into their houses and left some articles of trade there, appropriating some of their curiosities. They found an iron stanchion belonging to the "Bonito," and some empty coalbags in one of their houses. The stanchion had been torn out by a rope at the time the flood carried us off from Douglass Bend, and the empty bags had been thrown away. It was also remembered that the Malays had at the time dropped an axe into the river, which, no doubt, with the stanchion, they found when the river was low. There was always something half reserved and half afraid in their demeanour, which made us think they are the tribe from Hostile Point, possibly in that we were mistaken. Seeing that we could do no more there, we heaved anchor and continued our journey down the river. The long festoons of brilliant red *Mucunas* had now disappeared from the bank; but another glory had taken their place, that was a large tree belonging to the loquat tribe (*Erythria*), rather high, and now a mass of pink or purple coloured flowers. In the evening we reached "Hostile Point." The little village was there, but no sign of life about it. On landing, we saw the footprints of a young lad, so fresh that he might have been there only an hour ago. We went up to the village. All was deserted and everything taken away. There was a garden with a neat enclosure; they had tobacco and melons growing in it, and a few bright-coloured *dracænas* were planted about the place, as also a few young breadfruit trees. Strange to say, the largest house there seemed not to be a dwelling-house. It had a kind of broad scaffolding raised in the middle so as to leave a space on each side to walk about; and on the scaffolding was piled a quantity of firewood. The house, in fact, was a wood shed. Next morning, early, before breakfast, I went on shore again, taking Barabbas, our best Malay, with me. We followed a good track, and heard the dogs of the natives howling some distance away from us, and wherever we went we could see the flood marks on the stems of the trees up to a height of three feet and more, which convinced me that during the rainy season the country must be under water for, perhaps, three or four months; and surely the wood shed at "Hostile Point" speaks volumes in favour of that theory. In my humble opinion, all along the route we went, there are very few places where Europeans could make a permanent settlement. Not only at "Hostile Point," but almost everywhere, I noticed the flood marks on the trees. But to proceed: we followed the track, when all at once we heard a noise on

our right as of some one hastily breaking through the jungle. Barabbas, who was behind me, called out, "Orang itam!" that means black man, and had his revolver ready for firing at once. We looked about the place where the noise proceeded from, but could see nothing, therefore we went out on the track again and followed it farther on. I told Barabbas that what we heard might have been a cassowary, as there were some everywhere, and we had shot a few, but Barabbas would not hear of it; he was sure it was an "orang itam," and he saw him. We still heard the dogs howling. They had also been heard during the night, and as it was getting late we returned to breakfast, and reported what we heard. A strong party was made up after breakfast, well armed. Barabbas was our best Malay, very intelligent and fearless, therefore everybody was confident that he would not likely be mistaken; so we made up the party with the intention of following the track, hoping it might lead to a village. We had not gone much farther than the place where Barabbas and I turned back, when the track became more indistinct, and soon divided into three. We took the one to the left, which, after a while, brought us out to the river again, where there was a place very curiously built; it scarcely looked as if meant for a shelter. However, there were the remains of a fire and a few pieces of fried fish, rather fresh, yet lying about. The most curious feature was a neat little enclosure, a few feet square, the little fence being only about 18 inches high. We could not make out what that was for. Barabbas' theory, that it was a place for the puppies to sleep in could scarcely be correct. Turning back again to where the track divided, we took the middle one, which soon lost itself in dense jungle. Turning back once more, we took the third, which also lost itself in the thick jungle. We dispersed to some extent to see whether we could find another track, and not succeeding in that, we united again, and after some trouble in striking our old track, we found it, and went back with the intention of following another track which led down the river. Just as we had started on that, Captain Everill came and asked us to go on board, as he wished to proceed on our journey down the river. The place we had been through was swarming with gaudy butterflies, and we regretted we had no net with us. On our journey downward, we passed many small native dwellings, but the natives themselves withdrew into the jungle. Sometimes a few of our party landed to leave a few articles in return for a few native curios they took. But one morning we came unexpectedly upon two large villages, one on either side of the river. Not a track of any human habitation could we see there on our way up. Those two villages were densely populated, and had quite a fleet of canoes. The natives seemed to be friendly disposed, and it was not long before they came over to trade with us. They were a splendid

race of men, with a very intelligent countenance, and, colour excepted, some of their faces you might meet any day in any European country. They had a good many ornaments about them, but parted readily enough with them. They set great value on any bit of paper, but not the least on beads. Looking-glasses, glass bottles, empty matchboxes and tins were highly valued. Their bodies and faces were painted in different colours and styles, white and ochre-yellow predominating. One had two broad white bands painted across his chest and shoulders, which looked just like a soldier's crossbelts. Five in one canoe, all painted alike, with headdresses made of the feathers of the bird of paradise, looked very imposing. Everything went well. They were as eager to trade as we were ourselves. One old fellow brought a stone tomahawk, which he held out in one hand, and with the other he pointed up to the mast, where the Society's house-flag was floating in the breeze. He wanted that, but was eventually content to take something else instead. There were some venerable old men with white beards and hair; some of them wore curiously worked caps, and on no account would they part with them, though they showed them readily enough. Some had necklets made of dogs' teeth, the white teeth contrasting beautifully with their dark skins. With those they would not part, no matter what you offered them. I noticed that often when they handed an article to one and received ours instead, they said "nama" with an expectant look in their face. Can this be derived from the Dutch nama for name? It is not so unlikely as might at first appear. I have heard that farther east in New Guinea the natives have a custom of exchanging names with anyone whom they wish to make friends with. Eventually some came on board, and greatly admired our dogs; we had four on board then, a fifth we had lost on our way up, just somewhere about there; he jumped overboard one night, nobody being aware of it at the time; anyhow we missed him in the morning, and we had little doubt the crocodiles got him.

Up to this time the natives were very easy to deal with, nothing seemed to scare them except the photographic camera; upon that they looked as a kind of infernal machine, and often when the photographer wanted to take a good group he had to desist and cover up the camera. No sooner than they saw him at it they wanted to clear out. Now, however, things took a different turn. They had seen our Malays, and no doubt thought they were women. This might seem extravagant, but it is not. Our Malays had all quite smooth faces, and very broad full chests, and some of them looked so much like women that at Thursday Island already we christened one Lucy and another Lizz; add to that that they saw them cooking for us and serving

us; there is nothing extravagant about it, as their own women do the same. They signed to them repeatedly to come with them in their canoes, and showed great sympathy with Lucy, who happened to be sick with fever. No doubt, like many other savages, they take women of other tribes captive, and there is reason to believe that they wanted to take these Malays from us, thinking they were women. Anyhow after that their demeanour changed—they did very little trading more, and brought a lot of bows, arrows, and beautifully worked stone clubs in their canoes, which they would not trade, no matter what you offered them. The canoes became more numerous around us; one time we counted more than ninety; then they would not come quite close, but kept at a distance as if waiting for some signal. Things looked critical, and we stood to our rifles. Those on shore had got their bows and arrows ready; we were well within arrowshot. All the natives in the canoes seemed to be waiting for some signal, when another canoe came from the shore with four natives in it, paddling along with an easy grace, and making their way to the front. One of them, a splendid fellow, had his body all painted over with charcoal; he looked quite black, and he undoubtedly seemed to be the leader. I myself did not see it, but the others told me that he raised his bow ready for firing. At that moment we turned the steamer (the anchor we had taken up before), rung the bell, and blew the steam-whistle all at the same time. The effect was tremendous, the canoes dispersed like lightning; and our four brave fellows who were in front actually jumped out of their canoe and took to swimming on shore, letting the canoe go adrift. There was a general scramble up the river bank, and those in front of us paddled for their very lives, and soon were a long way ahead of us. We steamed leisurely along, and as they saw we did not trouble ourselves about the drifting canoe, one paddled after it and brought it safe to the bank. As we steamed along the bank, numbers were assembled there, shouting and signing to us quite in a friendly manner, as if nothing had happened. For a long distance there were houses all along the banks of the river; some of the natives were standing on the banks shouting to us, and others were in the jungle setting up a frightful howl. Mr. Froggatt declared that he is quite sure he saw our lost dog Billy amongst some of them. For Billy's sake we hoped it was true, as we knew they would treat him well. They would think a lot of him, as he could bark; their own dogs, like our native dogs, can't bark. The houses we saw in these villages were not so large as those farther up, and none resembling a crocodile. Farther up there were houses built to resemble a crocodile, the roof roughly resembling a crocodile's back, inasmuch as one gable was so much lower than the other, the higher one having two

pieces of wood, one beneath the other, fastened to the top, to resemble a crocodile's jaw. The natives farther down had more ornaments about them, their arrows were also more ornamental and more formidable, and they had some beautifully ornamented paddles, which they would not sell on any account. Their mode of getting the water out of a canoe when it is swamped is peculiar. The end of their paddle is about as wide as the bottom of their canoe; with this they go to one end of the canoe and push the paddle along the bottom, driving the water before them, and then with a dexterous motion of their foot they give the canoe an inclination, when part of the water rushes out; repeating this several times they get the canoe empty. Continuing our journey downward we came to the junction of the two rivers, the Fly and the Strickland, and followed the Fly up for some distance. On the left hand bank going up we saw some open country that had quite an Australian look about it. Even one of those high ant-hills, so common in Australia, could be seen on the river-bank. This was something quite new, therefore we told Capt. Everill that we wished to see what that country was like. He left us the whaleboat to go on shore, and himself turned back with the steamer to the junction where the steamer was to wait for us. As soon as we got on shore we might have fancied ourselves in Australia at once. There were grassy plains dotted over with *banksias* (honeysuckles), *callistemons* (bottlebrushes), *hakeas* and *tristanas* (water gums), and the whole place crossed by kangaroo tracks in all directions, and their fresh droppings lying about. To make the resemblance more complete we had a bush-fire raging on one side, and on the other, thousands and thousands of acres of ground with scarcely a tree or shrub on it. Right away before us was a softly rising hill, with few trees. From behind the hill smoke also was rising, and away in the distance a native village could be seen. The change was delightful, after having been for nearly four months in the gloomy and impenetrable jungle. Every step would scare up a swarm of grasshoppers, and butterflies would flit about in all directions, but not so brilliantly coloured as those in the jungle. I had Anchises and little Tuken Kâgu, the carpenter, with me, Tuken Kâgu having a gun, and most eager to see and shoot a kangaroo, I had told them what sort of animal it is, therefore they were most anxious to see one; but we were all disappointed, not a single one could we see. The heat, intensified by the bush fires around, had no doubt driven them all, either into the underlying patches of jungle or into the tall, thin sugar-cane. We had only a few hours to spend there, but in that time made a good collection of plants. The steamer might just as well have been lying there as at the junction; then in the cool of the evening and morning we could have done some good. Bamboo grew

there a hundred feet high, and from four to six inches in diameter, in immense clusters.

Next morning we resumed our journey down the Fly. The atmosphere seaward was very hazy from the smoke of bush fires. Up the Strickland river, where we were laid up so long, the atmosphere was usually very clear. On our way down the next few days we spent a few hours on several places for the sake of collecting, and I think it was on the very last place that we got an insight into the way the natives shoot the pigs in the jungle. I was out with Anchises and Barabbas, and we were going along a creek which was nearly dry; we were somewhat separated when Barabbas called me and pointed in front of him. Coming up with him I saw a little house, very neatly built, like a kind of wickerwork. The house was about eight feet high, and just shaped like a beehive; no door was to be seen. We went cautiously up to it, our firearms ready for action. On getting near we saw a number of little openings, a few inches in diameter, running all round, at a height of three or four feet from the ground. We peeped in through the openings, but could not see a single object, nothing but the bare ground. We found a hole concealed by some twigs, just large enough to allow a man to creep in. The thing puzzled me somewhat; I was just trying to make out what it was when I heard a gun fired not far from me. Suspecting that it was Mr. Shaw, who was our best shot, I called out, "Is that you Shaw?" He answered: "Yes, come here and see what strange bird I have." I went and saw a pair of large magnificent butterflies on the ground, very little injured. He saw them upon a tree and took them to be a bird, and no wonder. We saw sunbirds and parrots in New Guinea, not as large as those butterflies; they in fact belonged to the genus *ornithopterus*, that is the bird-winged butterfly. Folding the butterflies carefully away between papers, I told Shaw of our discovery, and took him to the place. He solved the problem at once, and I think correctly, giving it as his opinion that the house is used for watching the pigs come to the water, and then shooting them through the little openings. As their bows are eight feet long, they have just height enough to draw them. Shaw had been twice before in New Guinea, once with Goldie's and once with Ingham's party, on the Port Moresby side; but he said that he never saw or heard of any house like it there.

We were now getting into the lower Fly, and the question was, how we should be received at Tsumâuta. We all believed that our three kings never reached their home after they left us that night, and if we should arrive there without them we could not expect that the natives there would believe us when we had to tell them their friends left us, and that was all we could tell about them. They would naturally think we killed them, and

would very likely try to revenge themselves. As we had our coal there and other materials we wanted, we had to go there, come what may.

When the village came in sight we kept a sharp look out, but could not see a sign of life. We dropped anchor opposite, and soon saw a few natives, one conspicuous in a red shirt. At last Professor Haake, who had the best glasses on board, declared that he could recognise Korassy's face. This was good news, but Korassy seemed to hesitate to come over. After some encouraging signs on our part, some stepped into a canoe and made their way over. As they came nearer we could recognise Korassy, sure enough; and Attaya was also in the canoe, looking fearfully thin. Gisa was not there. They came on board, and were greatly rejoiced, shaking hands with everyone, even with the Malays, calling each by his name. While they were on board with us they always looked on the Malays with the greatest contempt, as if they were beings of a lower order; now they were very friendly with them. They missed poor Marco Polo, and asked for him. When they heard of his death they showed great concern about him. The Malays themselves showed rather in a favourable light. They gave them such things of their slender possessions as they might be able to spare. When we inquired after Gisa, Korassy told us that he was right, and would come on board soon. Expecting that our mails would be there, and giving them to understand what we wanted, a canoe went on shore and returned with Gisa, holding up the parcel of letters and papers. They also gave us to understand that others were at Kivoi Island. We were now anxious to know how the three kings got down that time, and as near as we could make out they made the journey in five days and five nights, and had nothing to eat during that time. They showed us how their bellies got quite thin. They were attacked several times by the natives, and on several occasions they were obliged to dive. Each of them had some fresh arrow wounds to show, and they told us when they reached home they were so exhausted that they were sick for a long time. They certainly looked very thin, especially Attaya. That evening we did not go on shore, as the natives had crowded the vessel, and continued coming and going, bringing cocoanuts, bananas, yams, &c. Next day we went on shore, and things went on there just about the same as when we landed there the first time. We saw a good many men we had not seen before, and who evidently had not seen white men before, to judge by their actions. Just as the natives higher up the river, they would take hold of our arms, pull back our sleeves, and try whether our colour would not wash or rub off. They traded now many articles to us, which, on our first landing they would not even show. They took us quite freely about their houses, and showed us their women, and

we could persuade some of them to come out and stand in a group, so that the photographer could take a picture of them. We spent the day very pleasantly amongst them. Next morning we went on shore again, and I had only been there a few minutes when one old fellow came to me, and was very importunate that I should come with him into one of the houses. I had seen a few others taking Captain Everill up before. He led me about half-way through the house, when he signed to me to wait. He himself went round a kind of pen, or partition, where it was very dark, and presently he came and brought three young women, one of which, he gave me plainly to understand, he would give to me. Finding that I positively declined the gift, he seemed rather offended; therefore, to appease him, I gave him a stick of tobacco, and divided another one amongst the three young women, which put all into a good humour. On going over the creek into the jungle, I was surprised to see what a lot of ground they had cleared and planted with bananas since I was there last. I gave them some corn and different kinds of melon seeds. We did a good deal of trading with them that day, and next day we proceeded to Kivoi Island. Before taking leave of them Korassy had brought a pig on board, to the horror of our Malays, who were Mahometans. As long as a vestige of that pig was on board, so long was Shandos, our waiter, sick. We gave some presents to our three kings, and took leave of them. They appeared to be much affected.

We soon arrived at Kivoi Island, and anchored about two miles from the village, the water closer in being very shallow. A party went on shore, chiefly in hopes to find the native teachers there, and to get our mails. No native teachers were there, and all the natives could tell was that they went away somewhere else to see the missionaries. Our party got on pretty well, and returned in the evening, bringing a lot of things which they had traded. We remained at our anchorage overnight. Both current and wind were so strong that the sea got very rough, and we had to spend one of the most miserable nights. The howling of the wind, the beating of the waves, the creaking of the timber and the rolling of the vessel made sleep impossible, and our anchorage rather unsafe, therefore we were only too glad to leave that spot; but our progress was exceedingly slow against the strong current. Steaming on for some time, we came in sight of an island on which we saw houses and something like a white flag waving, which made us conclude that the native teachers were on that island; therefore we steered for it, and when we got within a mile or so we got stuck upon a sandbank and could not get off. The tide was falling, but was nearly at its highest when we stuck. The natives came alongside the vessel. One of them had an old gun; but they knew nothing

about the teachers or our mails. Captain Everill, with a party of Malays, went on shore and returned late in the afternoon, when the tide commenced setting in. While we were lying there broadside against the waves, the vessel seemed to be in a miserable plight; every wave that struck made her planks creak and shake, and the water could be seen running in and out in different places. It was evident that she could not stand much more knocking about, and that if we should have to lie there for some time she would break up; in fact we were devoutly wishing that she would break up there, because we were not so badly situated there after all, for at low water we could actually walk to the island, so that we could have saved everything. The island was inhabited by friendly natives, and there were plenty of cocoanuts on the island; beside that, we had provisions left until a party could get to Thursday Island in the whaleboat and return with another vessel. Should we strike upon a coral reef on our way across Torres Straits, she would be almost sure to break up, and we might have no friendly sheltering island near. When the tide was pretty high, we tried by means of pulling and hauling with ropes and tackle to get her off, but could not move her. However, the tide rose another foot when she swung round herself, and we got off just before night. We got out into deeper water and steamed towards Mibu Island, where the natives had lit a fire which served as a beacon, and where we found a more quiet place for anchoring, not far from the place where we anchored four months before, when we got into the Fly River first.

Next morning we made an early start, but very little headway against the strong current; and we had not this time Mr. MacFarlane's friendly guidance. It seemed as if we could not get away from Tuan and Milbu islands. Tuan was the island before which we were lying fast the day before. Something happened now to the engines, therefore we had to stop; but after about two hours everything was right again and we proceeded. It was very rough, and the vessel so leaky that pumping had to be kept up almost constantly, anyhow at the rate of forty minutes to the hour. The majority of us were seasick again, especially the Malays, poor fellows, but they looked cheerfully forward to getting to Thursday Island again, and from there soon to Batavia. For a long time we had Kiwi, Tuan, Mibu, and west of us the large Bampton Island in sight, but at last, in the afternoon, we got the last glimpse of the shores of New Guinea, where we had been exactly four months to the day.

We were now well between the coral reefs of Torres Straits, and saw some beautiful patches of red coral, but could only admire their beauty from afar; our business was to keep away from them. Once we did strike upon a reef, but fortunately, after a few anxious minutes, we got off again. There were plenty of

small pearl-fishing vessels about the Straits, but as they could go into waters where we could not dare, we avoided going near them. While lying before Kiwi Island, where it was so rough, something happened to our fresh water tanks, the result of which was that we had no fresh water from there until we got to Thursday Island. This did not trouble us much ; we had hundreds of cocoanuts on board, besides a great lot of bananas which we got at Tsumauta. When we were thirsty we drank the water of the cocoanuts, and a delicious drink it was.

No further mishap and no remarkable incident happened more on our way over to Thursday Island. We came in sight of it in the morning, and a boat came to meet us, when for the first time we heard all the rumours that were circulating about us, and how a relief party had been sent from Thursday Island under command of Captain Dubbins. We were all sorry to hear it, as some of the party had near relations in the colonies. We only remained one night at Thursday Island, and left the following day, towed by the "Alexandra." As the "Bonito" was in such bad condition, all our collections were put on board the "Alexandra," and at Thursday Island we had to engage a few men for the purpose of pumping. The Malays remained at Thursday Island to wait for a steamer to take them to Batavia. They were much affected when they said their "salamat" (good-bye) to us. As we did not meet the "Wild Duck," which carried the relief party, on her way over to New Guinea, a small vessel was hired at Thursday Island, manned by coloured men, and Mr. Senior went with them to go back to Tsumauta to recall the "Wild Duck." As soon as we reached Cooktown, we sent telegrams to contradict the rumours, and then proceeded on our journey to Sydney, where we arrived on the 3rd of December, having called at Townsville and Brisbane on our way down.

This is a kind of a rough outline of our expedition ; thousands of incidents I had to omit, and of the rich wonders of the animal and vegetable world in New Guinea I have scarcely said a word. There are only a few four-footed animals indigenous to New Guinea, of these the pig (*sus papuana*), a peculiar species, is the most important ; the cuscus is a kind of opossum, differing from any of our opossums ; several kangaroos, one species climbing trees ; also a tree-climbing rat, a perameles, and one or two spiny ant-eaters ; crocodiles and turtles are numerous in the rivers ; large lizards, especially the beautiful blue, grey and yellow monitor, are plentiful ; and I have no doubt snakes are plentiful also, if the native accounts are correct, though we only got about half-a-dozen. In birds New Guinea is very rich, and most of them are of brilliant plumage. The most interesting are the beautiful birds of Paradise, several species of which are found in New Guinea, especially *paradisaea raggiana*, a lovely bird ; then

the kingbird of Paradise (*cicinurus regius*), and another small one, the magnificent bird of Paradise (*diphyllodus magnificus*). Closely related and nearly as beautiful, are the rifle-birds and orioles. One of the most beautiful birds is the little ragged-tailed kingfisher (*thanisy ptera nais*), his beautiful metallic-blue head contrasting so finely with his coral-red beak. Numbers of different species of parrots, some only as large as a butterfly, and one splendid large one (*electus polychlorus*). Then there are a great number of pigeons, chief of all, the goura or crown pigeon (*goura coronata*), six to eight pounds in weight; next the fruit-eating pigeons (*carpophagi*). Amongst the Pittas is found one of the loveliest birds, the *pitta novo-guiniensis*, beautiful little honey eaters (*merops*), the handsome metallic-blue and black callornis, and the little sun-bird (*maturus*). Of larger birds there is a black cacadu (*miroglossus aterima*), the hornbill (*buceros ruficollis*), the Nankin crane (*nycticora caledonicus*), egret, and many more besides; but the largest of all is the helmeted casuary (*casuarus bennettii*), somewhat larger than our emu. Insects are numerous. The colouring of some of the butterflies and beetles is so rich that neither description nor illustration could do justice to them. Though insects were plentiful, we were not troubled with mosquitoes, which was, no doubt, owing to the beautiful dry weather we had. Our greatest plague was the scrub-itch, a small red acarus, which would get on one wherever one would go into the jungle; then it would bury itself in one's flesh and cause intolerable itching. Another pest was a small brown ant, which was about one, and gave out a bad stifling smell, though it did otherwise no harm. The vegetation is of tropical luxuriance, and it would require many pages to describe all the strange wonders that are to be seen. The cocoa-nut palm is found in full bearing several hundred miles inland, away from the sea-shore, to which it is usually considered that it belongs. There are immense swamps, covered with sago-palms, attaining a great height and thickness. The bread-fruit tree is plentiful, and is a handsome tree, independent of its useful fruit. The mango and the gutta also grow there, besides several edible figs, some of them bearing their fruit on the stem and roots. Then there are several kinds of canary-nuts, and also several kinds of nutmegs (*myzisticas*), and several plum-like edible fruits unknown to me. There are many valuable kinds of timbers, and no doubt many more to be found. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the orchids and ferns, which, in companionship with different species of wax-plants (*hoyas*), begonias, pothos, melastomas, and philodendrons, literally cover the stems and branches of trees. The rattan or lawyer palm runs to a length of a thousand feet and more up and down trees along the ground and through shrubs, and by its numerous long thorns, makes the jungle quite impene-

table. Different kinds of screw pines (*pandanus*), form forests in large swamps, and dismal enough such *pandanus* swamps are. Vines, runners and creepers often bind the tops of trees together into one dense entangled mass. If you wish to fall a tree for the sake of its flower or fruit, you often have to fall six or eight to get the tree you want. Of grand flowering trees there are several species of hibiscus, red, rose and yellow; several fine species of *iambosas* (*eugenia*), belonging to the same order as our lillipillies, some with grand flowers and large fruits, most of them edible, and several kinds of loquats. The *lasianthera*, with its large blue flowers, such a favourite in our gardens, grows there. Along the banks of the rivers grow several kinds of wild grapes, several kinds of pepper; and in the jungle, several kinds of ginger, as well as the plantain or wild banana.

From this it will be seen that the capabilities of the soil are of the highest, and that all tropical and sub-tropical productions may be grown there, the question is only, will Europeans be able to live there? Except a very few individuals at Port Moresby, where the country is mountainous, no Europeans have been there for any length of time to be able to pronounce upon that question. We were in New Guinea only four months, and during that time we had such glorious weather as to upset one's previously conceived notions about the weather of New Guinea, and yet a good deal of fever was amongst us, to say nothing of skin eruptions. It is well-known that the most trying time is during the rainy season, and more so immediately after it. At that season we were not there, and can therefore say nothing from experience, but my observations lead me to the conclusion, that on the Lower Fly and up the Strickland River there are but very few places where Europeans could venture to establish a permanent residence; the ground is nowhere high enough, and there are plenty of indications to show that a great if not the greater part of that country is submerged during some months of the year. In my humble opinion, great wealth exists in the natural productions of the country, and the water-way seems to be everywhere easy for vessels of shallow draught, so that by proper management the country may become of great advantage to the English Government and the Australian Colonies, without a white population settling permanently upon it, likely to perish. I am only speaking now of the Fly River delta, and the low-lying land on the south coast; on the mountains at a higher altitude, no doubt a healthier climate exists, and many more valuable productions will be found there yet. It was a great disappointment to me that we did not reach there as was intended, for the mountains are the place for new discoveries, more especially so in the mineral kingdom; and much as we may individually regret that we did not reach the mountains, we still have cause to be thankful that

we all returned safely. I myself, have perhaps more cause to be thankful than my companions, as I never had one single hour's sickness, sea-sickness excepted, during all the time we were out. Mishaps, hardships and disappointments we encountered, but also many a delightful and happy hour I spent amongst lovely islands, on broad and winding rivers, and in the shady recesses of the majestic tropical forest.

Many a delightful hour I spent in searching for new, rare and beautiful plants, or hunting after brilliant and gaudy butterflies, and watching richly colored birds flying from tree to tree, listening to their various cries. All those things must be seen in their fresh and living beauty, as dried and preserved specimens give but a poor idea of what those things really are. Much pleasure I experienced also in our intercourse with the natives. On the whole my trip to New Guinea has been a source of much enjoyment to me; it is a thing of the past now, but a rich store of delightful memories from the "dark island" will ever remain.

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GENERAL AND COMMERCIAL PRINTERS,
HOSKING PLACE, SYDNEY.

